

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1902.

## The Maids of the Mistletoe



ARCHDRUID EWEN, skian in hand,  
Within the forest of Anglesa,  
When the New Year moon was  
six nights old

At midnight-muttered his mystery.  
Circled the oak three times around,  
Cleft he the clasp mistletoe—  
Vanished the night, and the forest wide  
Was filled with waiting and wildest  
woe.

Then his white-robed priests in a rout  
ran past,

Pursued by a merciless Teuton foe,  
And three bold clansmen, slain in fight,  
Were mourned by the maids of the  
mistletoe.

Archdruid Ewen muttered a spell,  
With a groan for his country's shame  
and woe;  
And above the heads of the maids he  
hung  
From a branch a cross of the mistletoe.

Behold! All lands of the earth saw he

And a mighty host of a newborn race  
Was marching with song—and ever along  
Danced the mistletoe maids with a  
newborn grace.

Norman, and Saxon, and Celt and Dane  
Was each man there, and the maidens  
three;  
And each maid's worth excelled his sire's,  
And the maids were beauty in trinity.

Marching with song went the mighty  
host.

Raising their banners in every clime—  
Flowing the seas with their steaming  
ships—  
A brotherhood grand more strong than  
time.

And ever their valorous deeds of might,  
And ever their love songs' fullest flow,  
Was due to the kiss, or the loveliest glance  
Of one of the maids of the mistletoe.

"A new great god from this time I own;

Henceforward I worship Destiny—"  
In ecstasy died the archpriest there,  
Under the midnight, mystic tree.

So the daughters of the northern blood  
To a destiny stern their beauty owe,  
And own the debt in whatever land  
They gather tonight 'neath the mistle-  
toe.

And we, the sons of the mingling race,  
Shall ever honor their beauty's glow  
With a worshipful kiss—and this—and  
this—  
Under the Christmas Mistletoe.